# Porte du Ciel

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# Porte du Ciel

by whackamule

Summary

Hannibal Lecter sits alone in his cell, staring at the walls, and sometimes he remembered the lover he had slashed and left behind. Sometimes, he tasted regret on his tongue. But what if he found a door that took him back seven months into the past, and he gets the chance to do it over again, to love Will Graham over again, even with the knowledge it would end soon.
He opens the door.
He steps outside.
It is seven months ago, he is Hannibal Lecter, and Will Graham is still firmly in love with him.
*A story about regret, loss, and a door.*

Notes

Okay, first things first, THIS IS BASED 100% off Mads' film Die Tur (The Door) which has this plotline, of a door that turned back time and this is based on that, except with Hannibal, and Will.
The italics are Hannibal's thoughts, and they're in the 'you' sort of POV, but the not-italics are safely 3rd person POV
(Oh, and the basic backstory is, Hannibal slashes Will in the gut after he finds out he is the Chesapeake Ripper and then Hannibal gets arrested. This story follows after)
The title is in plain French, it means Door to Heaven
Please read on ahead, I love you x

See the end of the work for more notes

# The Door

***Three Months After***

*You sit in your cell, and you look at the walls and you look again at the walls, and nothing but the walls, because in this barren, empty cell, there is nothing else to look at, except the dirty walls, with three scratches across it, four smudges and eighteen little holes, and if you look harder, you could almost see into the next cell, where Mad Martin Micker would pound his dick rythmically every single night without fail, and you would sit there still, staring at the walls, until Chilton comes to have a little gloat, to which you don't respond, no, you just sit there and stare at the walls, your perfect hair has grown longer, and your shapely chin is rougher, and your piercing eyes are darker, but you still look at the walls, you sit still and don't speak and look at the walls.*

*Jack would come often, barking questions through the bars, and you would sometimes bother to answer, you might even tell him why you killed all those people, and once you even told him the location of one of the bodies. Sometimes Alana would come and you sit there, staring blankly at her as she cried and cried and asked you why, and then you would still stare as she collected herself and told you there were millions of studies done on you and she would tell you that she trusted you, and you would sit there, not caring, mustering a smile and a* bye Alana *because after all, courtesy was all you had left, and you wouldn't let the prison, and its' bare, bare walls take that away from you, because it was all you had. Freddie Lounds actually came once, her red hair around her face like a devil's halo, and she didn't say anything to you, and you didn't speak to her but she tossed a book in at you, a hardcover which Chilton immediately grabbed, but not before you saw the cover, on it was Will Graham's body, torn up and mutilated by you, you, you and you don't want to see Will ever again because he was ugly, ugly, ugly and it was all your fault.*

*Sometimes when you try to sleep the words would involuntarily come to your lips and you would blurt out Will, Will, Will, Will, Will, in a frantic tumble of whispers, much to the satisfaction of Chilton, who would grin and tell Freddie Lounds that Hannibal Lecter still sometimes said the name of Will Graham, and it was August and there was nothing else in the papers except this, and you still didn't want to speak, you didn't want to see Will Graham, you didn't because he was horrible, he was ugly now, and it was because of you, you, you. And one day they led you out, and told you to wait in the room, it was padlocked, and they told you they would bring you to the court for your trial, and you would be charged for your murders, and you wait patiently, because that's what they told you to do. You put on a suit they gave you, and you feel comfortable in it because it's a suit, even if it isn't yours.*

*You wonder if you would see Will Graham at the trial, and you balk, and you pale, and you hope you never, ever see Will again. And your hands quake and they hurt, and you notice another door at the back of the room, and you wonder if it's a closet, you wonder if it's somewhere they kept weapons you wonder if it was locked and it wasn't you actually twist open the door, and somehow, like a child, you wanted to step inside.*

*And you do.*

*You step outside.*

***Four Months Before***

Hannibal Lecter stepped out of the room, and blinked hard, wondering where he was. He didn't know doors could transport you to other places, and as he walked down the road, he idly wondered if it was some teleportation device that the FBI kept hidden. It seemed sunny, unlike the dank, rainy day he could have smelt inside the prison walls, and he was outside, he was *outside.* A woman passed by him, smiled, and made her way past. Hannibal noted there was no spark of recognition, he noticed that there was no screaming and clutching her chest at a mass murderer. He wondered what was going on, mildly, because after all, he was most probably in his mind palace again.

Alana and Jack were standing on the street, squabbling over some sort of directions on a map, for a restaurant, Hannibal supposed. He walked up to them, and he stood there, waiting for his arms to be cuffed by Jack's brutish hands, and for Alana to let out one of her piercing screams. There was no such thing, however, and Alana only raised her eyebrows and smirked as she looked him up and down. She pointed at his clothes and snorted.

"Well, Hannibal, doesn't seem up to your usual taste, it's an inch or two too big for you, your suit." The woman winked at him, before continuing. "You hair though, I've only seen you two weeks ago, it's grown about an inch, haven't you visited your barber? And is that stubble I see?" she asked, gleefully. "Does Will like the scruffy type, eh?" She elbowed him.

Usually he wouldn't stand for this, but he was confused, and Alana was confusing him further, so he merely gave a smile, one of those half smiles he remembered himself giving *before*, and he put on a perplexed air (not hard, since he was already confused from head to toe), and asked her. "What was the date again?"

Alana looked at him bemusedly, and answered "The seventh of July, 2013. How can someone like you actually forget the---"

2013

2013

2013

Hannibal felt stunned, rooted to the spot, and he couldn't move his feet off the pavement, he couldn't swallow, and he couldn't do anything, all he did was stare at Alana as she went on and on. If it was 2013, it was seven months ago, nothing had happened, he wasn't in prison, he wasn't awaiting trial, and he hadn't stabbed Will. *Will.* Will. He felt a tug to his stomach, and shot past Alana, running as hard as he could to his house, one mile away, not bothering to call a cab, to take a bus, or anything, because it was seven months ago, and he could see Will. He could see Will.

And in the face of his surprise, his excitement, he couldn't see Jack Crawford looking at him suspiciously.

Hannibal opened the door of his own house, and wondered, at the back of his mind, how a door could take him back seven months. He didn't care, and he would be careful this time, this second chance. He smelled the clean, perfumed scent of his apartment, saw the musty books on the shelf, and the bust of Venus staring at him, like she always did. There was a man in the kitchen, noticed Hannibal, who seemed to not notice him as he chopped some sort of vegetable into diced pieces, he didn't turn around, but Hannibal knew who he was staring at. He knew the chiselled back muscles, and he knew the broad, rounded shoulders working. Hannibal Lecter knew he was staring at himself, seven months younger. And he knew what he had to do, he mused, as he silently picked up a scalpel from his tea-table and plunged it mercilessly into the neck of his other self. He looked on, curiously, as the other version of himself spat out blood, and collapsed to the floor. He had an expression of astonishment on his face, the dying man did.

"Who---" And blood bubbled around his mouth and nose, and he felt silent, choking on pure, clean crimson liquid.

Hannibal stared dispassionately, knowing that there was currently only one Hannibal Lecter in the house, and that it was him. He disposed of the body coolly, never mind that it possesed his face, or his body. It wasn't him anymore. He went into the clean, polished bathroom, and looked at himself in the mirror. For seven months, he hadn't seen himself, there were no mirrors in the prison, only walls, and to see his face staring back at him from the large looking-glass actually made him take a literal step back. His hair was long, touching his shoulders, covering his eyes, and there was a growth of rough stubble on his face, brown and grey. No wonder Alana had looked frightened. His hair was grey at the temples, and his eyes looked haunted. He inhaled, and peeled off the suit that wasn't his, and quietly put it into the dustbin. He stepped into the shower, turned it up to hot (there was only cold, or freezing cold at the prison) and stood under it for an hour, watching as blood pooled at his feet from long-ago cuts to his legs and arms. He towelled himself dry, and wound the towel around his waist, and wiped the mirror clean. He looked at himself again.

"You look terrible." He informed his reflection, before picking up a razor, and running it over his face. He had to shave for ten entire minutes before his face achieved the extreme smoothness that he only remembered feeling *before*. He ran his hands over his cheek, and picked up a pair of scissors, and slowly cut his hair professionally, and again, he surveyed himself in the mirror. His hair wasn't this grey before. Prison must have done terrible things to it. He picked up a small bottle of brown hair dye, and brushed it over his temples, dunking his head in the water once more to set the dye. He fitted himself into one of his suits, his very favourite cashmere, and he wondered when this dream would end.

He strode to the living room, and standing there casually, shrugging off a shoulder bag, was Will Graham.

Hannibal felt his breath quicken as the other man grinned at him, and winked. "Terribly long day at work, almost half the kids had some question about psychotherapy or some of that

stuff. I almost referred them to you, to get them off my hands. What did you make for dinner?”

He was standing there, in his living room, Will Graham, perfect, whole, and gorgeous, his abdomen seemingly not marred by scars, his face radient, his hair curly and tossing. His glasses glinted quietly in the sunlight daring to peek into the house. He tucked a hair behind his ear, and grinned as Hannibal approached him briskly, crossing over the spot where his own body had lain, only two hours ago.  He looked at Will standing there, his glasses in hand, his usual expression on his face, twitchy, yet glad. He hadn't seen that face for so long. Unscarred body. Perfect face. And he didn't look at Hannibal as if he hated him. Will looked like a man who was standing in a room with his lover, his lover who *had not* torn up his stomach with a knife.

And for the first time in months, Hannibal Lecter embraced Will.

# Tick Tock

Chapter Summary

Hannibal tries to make the remaining time the best he and Will ever had. But it's hard. It's so hard, knowing you only have a set amount of time left.

Chapter Notes

Well, there's a little sex in this, but it's just a little sex ok...
Read on!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

***Z+-Two Months Before***

For two months, Hannibal lived a delicate existence, and there were moments that he wondered how there was such a door to this world, and how he was the one lucky enough to stumble across it. He wondered that a lot, especially the first time *after* that Will and he had made love. He wondered, when Will sneakily crept home from work to have a bite or two of the lunch Hannibal prepared. He wondered, dreamily, when he was at the moment between sleep and wakefulness, and he wondered whenever he touched Will. He didn't even kill anyone, these past two months, for fear that somehow, this magic would end, and he would have to go back.

Today, he was scheduled to meet Jack Crawford, to consult about the Ripper case. The Ripper had, of course, stopped 'ripping' for the past two months, and Jack was worried about his motive. Hannibal obviously wasn't but he still accepted the invitation, because it was still a shock to him to see Jack Crawford not screaming at him through plate glass. The man sat heavily on a chair, as he was wont to do, and checked his phone sporadically for updates from headquarters. Hannibal joined him at the table, smiling at a waitress, before waving her away. He did not eat at such crass establishments.

"Hey, so what do you think about the hiatus?" Jack asked immediately, getting down to business.

"I have a feeling that the man might have… taken a pause, maybe?" Hannibal ventured, drawing out his answer.

Jack grinned at him. "Or maybe he got too safe. Didn't want to get caught. Got scared."

“That’s a possibility.” Hannibal raised his eyebrows, wondering where Jack came up with that idea.

“Okay, now let’s cut the crap.” Jack said brusquely, looking straight at Hannibal. “Where was your door?”

Hannibal’s heart nearly stopped for a second.

“What door is it you speak of?” Hannibal asked coolly. “I don’t know any…”

“Cut the crap, Lecter.” Jack’s voice sounded harsher than usual. “I did it too.”

Hannibal could have got up and ran, but he forced himself to stay seated, and asked only one question. “Why?”

“You know Bella’s got lung cancer?” Jack asked him.

“Yes. She told me.” Hannibal nodded, remembering.

“She dies, a few years from now. And I couldn’t bear it. So I went through the door, and came back.” Jack said, matter-of-factly.

“Oh.” Hannibal managed, staring at the pale hand stretched infront of him, concentrating on the thick veins.

“I know what happens to you too, you know.” Jack raised his eyebrows.

Hannibal didn’t look at Jack. Instead, he studied his fingernails, pale, clean and pristine. They could tell a lot about a person, fingernails. Except for Will’s. His were dirty and gritty, and dark. Unlike him, or like him.

“You’ve only got two months, Lecter, before you’re imprisoned again. I take it you know that, eh?” Jack barked, not unkindly, but sympathetically.

Hannibal knew, but it hadn’t sunk in yet. He nodded, haltingly.

“Are there more?” He asked Jack quietly. He didn’t specify, but Jack knew.

“I don’t know. There should be. But we’re wrong. We aren’t supposed to be here.”

“Oh.” Hannibal said again, getting up to leave. “Oh.”

He arrived home again, and he smelt the refreshing scent of his own house, mingled with the musky, sexy smell of Will, who was slumped over the couch, reading a sort of crime journal, his legs dangling over the edge of the sofa. Normally, Hannibal would have scolded him, chiced him to put his feet down, but *two months two month two months more* screamed in his head, and he knew he only had that much of time before the inevitable happened. He had to fit a lifetime into two months. He had to put in everything they had left, everything they wanted to do into those two months, and he had to start now. Now.

Hannibal walked over to Will, tossed aside the journal he was reading and kissed him on the lips, hard. He ran his fingers through the man's mussed hair, flicked off his glasses.

"Feeling frisky?" Will chortled into Hannibal's neck, his own body responding.

"Carpe diem," was all Hannibal growled throatily, his lips pressed again's Will's cheek, his erection grinding into the other man. He pushed him against the wall bodily, and with agile ferocity, ripped off Will's plaid shirt, causing the buttons to cry and pop, and threw it on the floor, as he deftly removed his own expertly. Will was already fumbling with his trousers, and Hannibal yanked his own pants down, and turned Will over, to face the wall. With a sigh, approaching a sob of desire, Hannibal studied his lover naked, his skin perfect, taut, a smattering of sparse hair spread across his chest. He wondered how long it would remain so. He looked at the body, and felt his throat close up, as he remembered Adonis, he remembered Aphrodite, and he wanted to take Will. He wanted to take him *now,* because damn it, they only had a short while left. He gripped the younger FBI man's erection in his hand, and murmured huskily in his ear.

"What do you want?" He asked, pressing his body onto Will's.

"You…" Will managed croakily, his voice hoarse with desire. "I want…you."

Hannibal thrust harder against him, and bit into his neck, leaving a red imprint of perfect teeth. "What do you want me for, Will?" he asked again, his free hand trailing down Will's body, stopping at his nipples, touching them, fondling them. "What do you want me to do?"

"Fuck me." Will said crassly, the coarse language pouring out of his lips. "Fuck me now."

And that was all the encouragement Hannibal needed, as he threw Will on the couch as if he were a doll, and entered him, thrust in and out of him, his pulls and pushes making time with Will's uneven, grating grunts. His hands ran over the younger man's body, his mouth working furiously against his neck, kissing, biting and licking behind his ear. His hand wrapped around Will's manhood, and he began to stroke it furiously, in time with his own thrusts against the man's lithe, sweaty body.

"Oh God!" Will cried out to a God he never believed in, as he reached orgasm, his seed spilling out over the pristine leather couch, his head thrown back, and Hannibal buried his face in the other man's sweet smelling hair, as he himself reached a level of ecstasy, and came with a gasp, sweat standing out on his forehead. He pulled out of Will, and turned him around, looked at him. One sweet kiss to the lips. Usually, after sex, they didn't talk, and instead, fell asleep with the vestiges of their high, and their lover's arms around them, but this time, a voice screamed in Hannibal's mine *two months, two months, two months!* So he couldn't sleep.

"Will, how about we go to the opera tonight?"

---

***Forty Days Before***

It was three weeks later, and Will had never remembered feeling this busy, or this happy, to be honest. A couple of months ago, Hannibal was a serious, serene lover, one that always wanted things his way, and always, his own plans came before whatever they did. And now, Will thought excitedly, he was better than one could ever have hoped for, he had taken two weeks off his schedule to go on a fishing trip with Will, today being the last day of said trip. They had also gone to the opera, where Hannibal had shamelessly danced with Will, infront of Baltimore's elite, and they had gone to see a film, something Will loved to do and Hannibal never did. They made love more than ever, and it was so brilliant Will could get aroused even thinking of it. They had gone on long country walks through the woods near Will's house, Winston barking at their feet. Will was ecsastic as he stood at the bow of the small boat they had rented for their trip, and he looked ahead at dry land, and Hannibal joined him, snaked an arm around his waist.

"Have you enjoyed this?" Hannibal asked of his lover. "Have you liked it?"

"Liked it?" Will turned to face Hannibal, grinning. "It's been the best thing ever, you've done so much."

"Are you happy?" Hannibal asked him earnestly. "Are you truly happy?"

"Of course." He pressed a kiss to Hannibal's lips. "I love you."

"As do I."

Hannibal smiled at Will, held him closer, and they stared at the city they had forgotten for the past two weeks.

"We'll be like this forever, won't we?" Will asked unexpectedly. "Forever."

"Of course." Hannibal felt it getting harder and harder to lie blatantly. "Of course we will."

"Even when we're seventy." Will claimed.

"Eighty." Hannibal smiled, and he felt a coldness sink into his stomach, and he wanted to throw up. "Maybe ninety."

"We'll live like this forever, won't we?" Will asked again. He knew it was childish of him, but he loved hearing the reassurances roll off Hannibal's tongue. "When we're old men, we'll sit on rocking chairs together, shouting at teenaged kids."

"We'll have a small house." Hannibal crafted lies like webs "In another country."

"In Florence? You've talked about it so much."

"We'll get our house in Florence. Our house." Hannibal agreed.

"We'll live there together, of course, and sometimes we'll go out to the opera." Will planned.

"We might have a dog." Hannibal tried to appease Will. Forty more days, only forty more days, his heart thumped into his brain. For-ty, for—ty, for-ty.

“A dog like Winston. We’ll be happy, won’t we?” Will asked, smiling. He felt his lover’s hand tremble around his waist, and turned to face him. Hannibal’s face was pale, drawn, but he was smiling at Will, although it looked more like a grimace.

“We’ll be the happiest.”

---

***Twenty Days Before***

Hannibal entered the house, home from having lunch with Will at the FBI Academy. He placed the leftover bag on the kitchen counter, and smelt a foreign sort of scent, unwashed, yet something familiar lurked beneath it. Will. But that wasn’t possible, he had left Will at the academy, and there was no way he could have followed Hannibal home without him knowing. He approached Will cautiously, and spoke.

“Will?” His voice sounded uncharacteristically nervous. The man spun around, looking surprised. It was Will, but it wasn’t the Will he had left behind at the Academy. It wasn’t smiling, curly-locked Will who wore plaid. This was a Will whose hair was matted, long, and his stubble thick. His eyes looked red and enraged, the eyes of someone who had cried a lot, and for a long time. His shirt, a filthy ordeal made of denim hung open, and Hannibal had a clear view of his abdomen.

And the jagged, raised scar running across it.

Hannibal felt like vomiting on the floor, as sweat trickled down his back.

“You found the door?” He asked throatily of the man who looked so much like Will. “You found it?”

“Dammit, Lecter.” Will spat. “You lying shit. You arse. You motherfu---“

“What do you want?” Hannibal asked coldly. He did not usually like being insulted, not even from Will.

“I thought you loved me.” The other man hissed at him, his eyes tearing up again. “You said so. You *swore.*”

“Will, I don’t kno---“ Hannibal hoped Will, the present Will wouldn’t choose to come home right now.

“YES YOU DO!” The unwashed, dirty Will screamed at him. He gestured to his scar. “Look at this. *You* did this, you did this! You, who swore that nothing would ever happen, you who swore everything, you who only had empty promises behind the mask of a murderer!”

“Will!” Hannibal, for once in his life, had no idea what to do. “Will!”

“STOP CALLING ME THAT!” Will looked demented, tugging at his long hair. He didn’t wear glasses anymore, Hannibal noticed, or he had simply not cared about wearing them. “IF NOT FOR YOU, I could have been all right, if not for you, twenty people could have had

brilliant lives, normal lives and if not for you I wo---“ His ranting was interrupted as a spurt of blood escaped his mouth. A knife materialised out of his chest, and Hannibal had no care who was wielding it, all he saw was a knife sticking redly out of Will, who fell to the floor. Hannibal fell to his knees next to him.

This wasn’t Will, not *his* Will, this was scarred, hurt, unwashed Will, but still, it was Will. And so, Hannibal had to bear with the sight of his lover spewing blood from his mouth across his lap, and he tried to tug the knife out, and it didn’t work, it stayed fast, lodged in Will’s gaunt frame. One cough, and a final spurt of blood later, Will lay prone, dead and Hannibal knelt over him, eyes glassy. He couldn’t say anything, but only looked up, and saw Jack Crawford looking at him, eyebrows raised.

“You’ve got your twenty days.” He barked at Hannibal. “Killing this idiot was *your* job.”

“It’s Will.” Hannibal managed to choke out, and he looked at Will, lying on his lap, swimming in blood. “It’s Will.”

“Who the hell did you think it was?” Jack snapped at him, kneeling at his level. “Well, well, well…” he taunted, looking at Hannibal’s face, at the paleness. “What’s wrong? Will’s blood getting to you, eh, Lecter? Should’ve thought that before you killed all of those people.”

Hannibal only stared at Will’s face, troubled even in death, the corners of his mouth turned down.

“Clean it up. Dispose of the body. I know you know how to. Throw it away.” Jack instructed him, preparing to leave.

Hannibal made no answer, and continued looking at Will’s face, unshaven and dark.

“Do you want him to come home, and see you holding the dead body of himself? Do you really want that?”

And with that, Jack left.

Hannibal went through the motions of disposing of the body mechanically, trying not to look at Will’s body. He tried not to think  of anything, especially not *twenty days twenty days twenty days* and he finished mopping up the blood, and made sure the body was gone. He sat down heavily on the sofa. He had twenty days with Will. Only twenty days. He had tried to make the most of it, but there were so many things that couldn’t be done. He wanted to buy their small house in Florence. He wanted to buy their dog just like Winston. He wanted to take Will to the Florence opera. He wanted to live with Will, as old men. He wanted forever.

He closed his eyes, and opened them, and like a vision of sunlight, Will stood in the doorway, smiling at him, a smile which quickly dissipated. Will had had a reasonably good day today, they hadn’t unearthed any more bodies, he had lunch with Hannibal, and he felt cheery as he walked through their doorway, hoping that there was something brilliant for dinner. What awaited him made his smile melt and run away from his body. Hannibal sitting on the couch, his position one of desperation, his large, strong hands shaking terrible. When Will entered, he looked up. His face looked pale, terrible, and exhausted like he hadn’t, ever.

“What happened? Is anything wrong?” Will asked urgently, sitting down beside his lover. “What is it?”

Hannibal considered telling him that he was the Ripper, he had been all along.

*Twenty days twenty days twenty days*

He considered telling Will that he killed and ate people, or at least used to.

*Twenty days twenty days twenty days*

He considered telling Will he had killed twenty two people.

*Twenty days twenty days twenty days*

He considered telling Will that he would one day gut him, and leave him to bleed on the floor.

*Twenty days twenty days twenty days*

*Twenty days twenty days twenty days*

*Twenty days twenty days twenty days*

“I’m fine.” Hannibal smiled wanly. “It’s just a headache.

Twenty days.

Chapter End Notes

WELP there it is. I actually find it so darn sweet, how Hannibal goes out of his way to make sure Will has the time of his life for the remaining time *cries*
What do *you* think?
Do you want a happy ending? Or a sad one next chapter?
Do leave your comments, the comment button is screaming at you ok.

# Last Days

Chapter Summary

Time ticks away, as Hannibal tries to squeeze forever into a few days, but he can't, he can't, he can't.

Chapter Notes

LOOK AT Y'ALL WANTING A HAPPY ENDING
WELL
READ ON

See the end of the chapter for more notes

***Four days before***
Sometimes time ran circles around you, and sometimes time whistled like a speeding train. Sometimes, time dripped slowly and surely, and at other times, it crawled like a snail. Hannibal sat with Will in his office, the other man brushing Winston with a stiff comb. They sat there, and revelled in the normalness, and Hannibal's mind screeched at him, four days, four days, four days until you have to tear a knife across his stomach, gut him like a fish. Hannibal rose from the chair, his hands numb and shaking, and he forced a smile on his face, pushed it into place like an odd child at a choral recital.
"Will, let us eat out for dinner today." Hannibal suggested, his fake smile making his cheeks scream in protest.
Will was terribly confused. Eating out? *Hannibal?* No way. For the past four months, the man had been happy, had treated Will to everything he could imagine, they had gone out together so many times, had sex in about twenty different positions, and Will had no clue what it had to do with. Of course, he appreciated it, but this eating out was something out of Hannibal's league.
"I'd love to." Will ventured. "Um, Hannibal, do you have cancer or something?"
The fake smile on Hannibal's face slid off it, only to be replaced by a geniune laugh.
"No! I just wanted to treat you this once. What would you like to eat?"
"I don't know? One of your weird fancy Italian stuff, I guess?"
"Or what about the foods you like?" Hannibal suggested bravely "What about a fish and chips place? Or a burger?"
Will's eye twitched. Hannibal had AIDs, disn't he? Or was it cancer?
"All right…" he agreed nervously, yet gladly. "I haven't had fish and chips in forever!"
And so Will showed Hannibal to a fish and chips place, and he was shocked, Hannibal was. He always expected any sort of restaurant to be clean, perfect, tidy, and with soft classical

music playing in the background. This one seemed to be a rough, sailor sort of business, the air smelt like raw fish, and the floor was wet, the restaurant keeper, an old man, was scratching his arm before serving the food. There were no chairs. Hannibal almost threw up.
"Will? Where are the chairs? Where does this respectable institution expect us to sit?"
Will snorted.
"We buy the food, and we take it to the benches by the lake. Two sets, please." He added to the man at the counter, "wrapped up, and a bottle of water, too."
"What about the cutlery?" Hannibal hissed at Will, as they exited the establishment, and sat on benches overlooking a pretty lake, fringed with trees and grass. Starving fishes swam up to them.
"We eat with our hands." Will opened up the packets, and spread it on the bench, as Hannibal poked at his food, grimacing at the oil that slid off on his fingers. He gingerly placed a fry in his mouth and chewed experimentally.
"It isn't that disgusting." He announced presently.
Will bit back a laugh. Hannibal had half the fillet crammed into his mouth. Not that disgusting my ass, thought Will, the man loved junk food secretly it seemed.
"Oh." Was all he could manage. "You do know you should eat slower, maybe?"
Hannibal swallowed his mouthful, and tossed a bit of fillet at the fish looming around the edge of the lake. Will looked at him, amusedly horrified.
"You can't feed fish fillet to the fish!" He half laughed.
"Why not?" Hannibal asked, brow wrinkling in curiosity.
"It's wrong! It's sort of cannibalism, I think!"
"Oh."
If you only knew, mused Hannibal wryly. But the topic had gotten him to what he had wanted to say.
"Will."
"Yeah?"
"I had planned to say this somewhere extravagant, and pleasurable, maybe at the best restaurant in Baltimore, or maybe in Venice, or on top of a high, expensive building. I did not expect to say this…" Hannibal paused and surveyed himself. "At a small fishy town, with our hands greasy with oil, eating food made from the pits of hell. But I think I must say it now, because."
Because we only have four days left.
"Because we are so happy here. Are you happy, Will?"
"You don't know how happy I am." Will smiled. "But what is it you wanted to say?"
Hannibal breathed in.
"I love you. I can say it in twenty one languages, I can prove it any way you wish. I could have said it later, but I cannot, and I must tell you now. I love you, Will. I never ever thought I could, or that I would. You were my toy, at first. I played with you, pawes you around. Now I've gone and done an irresponsible, stupid thing. I love you when you do anything, when you sleepwalk, when you have nightmares, when you lose time. I…ehmm…I love you."
Will stared, open mouthed. He couldn't say anything, he couldn't. He pressed his mouth on Hannibal's, hoping to convey in that kiss what he couldn't put into fancy words. And even though both their mouths were greasy from the meal, and their hands slipped with oil, and it only lasted two minutes, it was the best kiss they shared.
"What do you want to do most in the world. What do you want to do most of anything?" Hannibal asked him, his forehead on Will's.
"I'd sure love to go ice skating!"

***One day before***

Will Graham lay in bed, smiling. He replayed over in his head, the events of the previous day, when they had found an inner rink, and had gone ice skating together. He knew how to skate on ice of course, having grown up in cold countryside, but he had no idea that Hannibal had no clue about skating. It was the first time he beheld Hannibal Lecter fall ungraciously to the floor. Not once, but at least ten times. And all Will could do was point and laugh. He smiled again, now in bed, Hannibal lying beside him, eyes closed tightly. Will wondered idly what he'd do about the Chesapeake Ripper case. He would have to get into the killer's mindset again tomorrow, not that it would help at the moment. He stopped thinking about work, and instead envisioned Hannibal's mouth ungodly full of fish fillet, and him falling flat on the ice. He smiled again.

"You're smiling. Are you happy?" Hannibal's voice rumbled from beside him.

"I'm happy. Are you happy?"

"Yes. We're both happy." Hannibal answered. But he wasn't happy. He was scared. He was the most terrified he had ever been. He was frightened. Because tomorrow Will would figure out who he was, and Hannibal would have to run his knife across Will's unmarred abdomen.

*We could have a house in Florence*

He knew there was no way that he could avoid it. There was no way that he could do anything. By coming through that door, this was something he signed up for. Heartbreak. He couldn't bear to not see Will. But he couldn't have bared to not have these four blissful months.

*We could have a dog like Winston.*

He didn't know what to do, as he heard Will's peaceful breaths beside him. He had to do it all over again, he had to face the blood, and the startled, broken look on Will's face. He would have to face Jack smirking condescendingly.i told you so, he would say. He would have to see Alana cry her heart out again.

*We'll stay like this together, won't we?*

And a desperate idea clawed its way to Hannibal's mind, pushing aside all rational thought. The idea pawed at him again and again until he acknowledged if, accepted it. He would take Will through the door. See where they end up. Maybe they could go back to perfect again and again. Maybe they could live in a neverending loop of happiness. Hannibal had never had much occasion he would call himself happy, but now? Now he craved happiness like a drug. Yes. He would take Will through the door tomorrow.

*I'm happy. Are you happy?*

***The day of.***

Will awoke groggily, to find Hannibal tapping his face urgently, a crazed look on his face

"Will, we must leave. Now. Will, now!" He half shouted at Will, who scrambled pants on and threw a shirt over his head and hurried after his lover, who was already unlocking the door, followed him into the car. Hannibal drove like a madman, weaving his way in between the cars quickly, running stop signs as if they were starter pistols. Will's heart leapt to his throat. Something was wrong. Something had to be wrong.

"Hannibal, what's wrong?" He asked of Hannibal, who sat beside him, his hands clamped on the wheel, a sheen of sweat glinting on his forehead. "What is it?"

"Can you get us to that room they keep the prisoners in before trial? Can you get us there with your card?" Hannibal grated out, his voice swelling with urgency.

“Of course…” Will hesitated. “Hannibal, what’s going on here? What are you…WOAH!”
The car had skidded infront of a speeding truck, and the driver flashed them a rude handsign. Will breathed heavily, and looked at Hannibal.
“Shit!” He slammed a fist onto the wheel. Will had never, ever heard his lover swear. “Focus. FOCUS. We need to get to the door now. Now.”
The car took off again, lurching too fast for it to be good, Hannibal oblivious to Will’s repeated questions. They screeched to a stop infront of the big, grey prison building with a courtroom attached.
“The room I told you about. Take us there now!” Hannibal hissed, as the y sped up the stairs. Will felt like saying no. He felt like disobeying. But he caught sight of the raw, panicked look on Hannibal’s face, and he quickly flashed his card at all the right spots, and reached the small, dull room with grey walls, and another dppr built into it. Hannibal paused, checked his watch, and breathed heavily for a minute.
“Hannibal, what the hell are you….”
“Take my hand now.” The doctor gasped, and pulled Will over to the door. “On the count of three, you open the door, and we go inside.”
“What the hell are you…?”
“One.”
*Two.*
*Three*.

***Three months after***
*You fall on your knees and you see that you’re back in your cell, back in prison uniform, and you’re staring at the walls, the grey barren walls, and Will isn’t there with you, Will is gone gone gone, and he isn’t here and you don’t know what went wrong and you run your hands across the wall and you miss Will, you miss him so bad and you want to see him, why couldn’t he come through the door you wonder as you sink down despondently thinking only of Will Will Will, and you see a note folded on your bed its from Jack Crawford and it says you shouldn’t have gotten addicted to happiness and you want to die, but all you do is you sit there on the bed and you stare at the wall. You start to cry and you continue and continue, even as Chilton walks down the corridor, barks at you what was the matter, and you don’t answer but only because you’re a sobbing mess, asking for Will, Will, Will, amd you can see Chilton is scared, he has never seen you like this but nor has anyone, and Chilton runs back down the hall.*

*And you sit in your cell with the tears refusing to stop and you miss Will, and you want him so badly, you need to see Will you need your house in Florence, you need the forever which has been falsely promised to you and you need forever and most of all, you need Will. You need Will. You sit there and you see someone come near the bars and it’s Will,Will, oh God it’s Will and you only start breathing sharply, tears cutting across your face, and you whisper Will, Will, Will like a prayer, like a prayer.*

*And he smiles at you, and he has longer hair and thicker stubble and no glasses but it’s still Will, it’s your Will, it’s your Will and you notice that he’s wearing the same uniform you are and Chilton is pushing him away from you, pulling him back, and you gasp Will, Will, Will. He’s pushed into the cell opposite yours and he’s smiling at you and you look at Chilton, for an explanation.* He went mad after you were arrested*, Chilton tells you grimly,* went on a

murdering spree and got Jack Crawford. *He got an insanity defence by luck. And you stare at Will and he stares at you and you smile at him, and your face is no longer wet with tears, instead youre smiling and to your delight, Will is smiling back at you from the cell opposite.*
Are you happy, Will *you ask him, your voice roughened.*
I'm happy. Are you? *Will recalls, and bares his teeth in a grin.*
Yes. I am *you say and you are, oh god, you are happy.*
This is your ending, and youre happy and Will's happy even of you both look at each other across bars in an asylum for the criminally insane, you won't get your house in Florence, or your dog, but Will is staring at you opposite and you're both smiling at each other, and you aren't sad or angry or hurt, not anymore, and neither is Will. Youre both happy.

*And so this is your happy ending.*

Chapter End Notes

Eheheheh
Don't hate me
But yeah, what happened was, Will couldn't or didn't come through the door ok.
Shh, its a short story, college starts again in two days ehehe.
NOW PLEASE PLEASE do leave me some feedback on what you thought, or how much you love it/hate it/hate me but please do leave your comments
*points at comment button*
Clicky click click.

End Notes

WELL there it is!
(If you're confused of the timing, the door has taken Hannibal 7 months into the past (he was imprisoned for 3 months) so this is 4 months before his arrest)
I'm planning to have three chapters, and I've already written chapter two, so I would adore it if you did leave your comments and feedback about what has been done so far

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!